

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

## TIME BRINGS US INTO VICTORY YEAR

### Let Us Dedicate Ourselves to the Work We Are In

THE solemn pendulum of time has brought us into 1941, the most decisive year in all these centuries. When the pendulum swings into 1942 the hand of history will have written whether mankind is to be slave or free.

#### The Transformation

Our hearts leap up as the New Year dawns, for we begin it with the thrill of victory resounding round the world. It has thrilled the age-old land of Pharaoh and the land of Abraham Lincoln. It has stirred the Greeks, who have renewed their youth and made themselves twice immortal. It has set the Balkans thinking and has sounded like a trumpet through Turkey, looking on at the gate of Asia. It has kindled new hope in the countries under the Nazi heel, and sent a thrill of joy through the length and breadth of our great Commonwealth of Nations that has suffered so much and waited so long. It comes like the joy in the morning after the long sorrow of the night.

LET us dedicate ourselves anew and consecrate our lives afresh to the business we have taken in hand. We have seen a marvellous transformation in the year that has passed. We have come triumphant through incredible catastrophes. We have been on the brink of defeat and in the depths of despair. We have felt that the world looking on had lost all hope that this Island could recover from the blows of fate.

#### Lesson of 1940

But we have seen a wondrous thing. The vast mechanised armies built up to overwhelm mankind came on with their terrific strength. Never before was evil clothed with such powers, the spirit of the Dark Ages in the scientific armour of the modern world. It was brute force in excelsis, as if the mastodon and the great saurians were treading the earth again, trampling down all life in their path. If the future lay with the great battalions of

force the British Empire should be by now a wilderness and America should be waiting for the blow to fall. The Dictator's dream did not come true, and all the world now knows that it cannot. Man is not to be beaten by the things he makes. The robots of devilry cannot overwhelm him.

It is the great lesson of 1940 that there is a limit to the mechanised forces of evil, however great they are, and that there is no hour so dark, no depth so deep, that the spirit of man cannot rise from it and soar like the eagle in its pride.

This human spirit, this mysterious power that has stirred the hearts of free men from the beginning of the world, is not only the most enduring thing but the most instant and insistent thing in life.

#### The Limits

It can transform the world like a lightning flash, as we have seen. There is a limit to the power of a tank; a few days and it is tired, and the thrill of victory does not pick it up. There is no limit to the power of a man; in a few days he is tired, but for him is the exhilaration of a great achievement—a great blow struck for freedom and his youth is renewed, his heart is lifted up, his blood quickens, his muscles have an elastic spring, and out of this nettle Danger he plucks the flower Safety. Not for free men is the vast power that lies stagnant in the wilderness of Europe. Their hearts are buoyant, and go marching on.

It is the knowledge that this is so that has changed the whole outlook of the world in these twelve months. There is no country anywhere in which men now believe the Nazis can win. The sudden blow that was to bring us down has been unequal to the spirit that has raised us up. The crowds in the Piazza Venezia hear no more about feeble democracies. The bloated figure on the balcony comes out no more. The greatest drama ever staged

on earth, with all the men and women truly players, approaches its decisive hour, and it is seen that man is more than his machines, spirit more than steel, and faith in God is more than pagan creed.

It will do us good, as we live through this year of victory, to get rid of some muddled thinking, and to save our dignity from the fate that befalls unbalanced minds. God knows it is hard to bear the things we see, but because we are the victims of barbarians we need not turn barbarian. Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just and his hands clean, but three times thrice is that man armed who breaks his enemy's power to fight.

#### The Stainless Flag

Our souls are not so dull, our brains are not so sluggish, that when the choice is ours of destroying the enemy's citadel of strength or dropping bombs on little streets, we choose the little streets. It is not for us to copy the mistakes that are defeating Hitler by raising against him an unshakable and unbendable wall of the British people. We strike where the blow hurts the enemy most.

STILL short of munitions, still short of planes, we are not so stupid (even could we fall so low) as to waste them in killing women and children because Hitler does this. This is a war against murderers, not between murderers, and our heavy blows will bring victory all the sooner because they shatter Hitler's power instead of killing victims for whom he does not care a button. There will be no ugly stain on the Flag of Freedom when it flies in the new world built up of so much suffering, so much sacrifice, so much courage, so much faith.

#### Hitler, God of Vice

This year will give us that new world or fling us back into a wilderness of teeth and claws. It is worth being patient for. It is worth the bitterness that we endure. *Continued on page 2*



## Ring Out, Wild Bells

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light;  
The year is dying in the night;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

RING out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

RING out the grief that saps the mind;  
For those that here we see no more;  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

RING out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

RING out the want, the care,  
The sin,  
The faithless coldness of the times;  
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,  
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

RING out old shapes of foul disease;  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

RING in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Tennyson

# Anniversaries of 1941

JUST 1900 years ago died the crazy Roman tyrant Caligula, a Hitler of his day, who assembled a huge army with which he hoped to conquer Britain, though on his men reaching Boulogne he told them to gather shells on the beach.

King's College at Cambridge was founded about 1441, and the building of Eton College began about the same time. In 1491 died William Caxton, Father of Printing.

The centenaries of the first month of 1941 include the death in 1641 of John Evelyn's father.

It was on January 13, 1691, that George Fox, founder of the Society of Friends, died; and on January 23, 1741, died John Gurney, another famous Quaker.

## A Mischievous Fellow

February 12 will be the centenary of the death of that remarkable doctor, Sir Astley Cooper. As a little fellow he was for ever in mischief, climbing to the top of Yarmouth tower and emptying a pillowful of feathers to float down on to the roofs.

On February 20 just 150 years ago died Karl Czerny, the Austrian musician whose piano exercises are familiar to children; and on March 2 in the same year (1791) died John Wesley, the wonderful founder of Methodism.

The completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway gives us an interesting jubilee for March 28.

On April 1, 1841, Charles Dickens wrote the preface to *Oliver Twist*; and April 2, 1791, was the last day of Mirabeau, the famous French statesman.

On April 13, 1341, Petrarch, the great Italian poet, was crowned with laurel, a memorable day in his career.

On April 18, 1791, Wilberforce asked leave to bring in a bill for the abolition of slavery.

On April 27 a century and a half ago Samuel Morse, inventor of the Morse Code, was born.

On May 12 it will be 300 years since the tragic Earl Strafford, abandoned by Charles Stuart, was executed on Tower Hill.

The last day of May will remind many of us of what happened just 25 years ago at the memorable Battle of Jutland, when Jack Cornwell stuck to his post though mortally wounded, and there will come to mind also another anniversary of 25 years ago, the sinking of H M S

Hampshire with Lord Kitchener on board.

A good thing it would be for Europe if Hitler and his crew would take note of June 26, the 400th anniversary of the assassination of Pizarro, Conqueror of Peru, whose lust for power brought him to a violent end.

Sir H. M. Stanley, who found Livingstone in Africa, was born on June 29, 1841. On July 17 a century ago the first issue of *Punch* appeared, since when English-speaking peoples have never ceased laughing.

August 4, 1941, recalls two notable centenaries, the birth-days of James Chalmers, missionary and explorer, and of William Henry Hudson, the famous naturalist and writer. August 12 is the jubilee of the death of James Russell Lowell.

It was on August 31, 1591, that Sir Richard Grenville won imperishable fame on board the *Revenge* when with one ship he challenged 53 Spanish ships.

## Pioneer of the Electric Age

September 22 is the 150th anniversary of the birth of Michael Faraday, and well may we pause to honour the mighty pioneer of the Electric Age in which we live.

October 22 is the 1200th anniversary of the death of Charles Martel, grandfather of Charlemagne. November 9 is the centenary of King Edward the Seventh, born in 1841. Sir Francis Chantrey died on November 25, 1841, and on December 5, 1791, died immortal Mozart.

The bicentenary of a famous sailor whose name is on the map occurs on December 19, for on that day in 1741 Vitus Bering, discoverer of the straits named after him, reached the end of his adventurous life.

## Ali and the King

Ali Ahmed Ruban, an engineer-foreman employed by the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, walked into the office of the Government of Aden and handed over half a month's pay, 100 rupees, asking that it should be used "to help with cement for repairing the King's house after the Nazi had bombed it." This has been done. Ali's £7 10s worth of cement has gone into the repairs, and he has been thanked by the King.

# Time Brings Us Into Victory Year

Continued from page 1

It will help us if we think of all that men have suffered for us in the past, of men who gave up all they had that we might be free. It is a mighty multitude of heroes to whom we owe the great years of our lives that have been, and the years of opportunity that lie before us.

We fight to drive back from our Island the paganism overthrown twelve hundred years ago by King Oswy in the epic English battle against a pagan king. We fight for all the things that have raised mankind above the level of the beasts. We fight to save Europe from the foul spectacle

of virtue dethroned and Hitler set up as the god of vice; and for ourselves we fight to save from destruction all that is noblest in our way of life.

It is not to be thought of, as Wordsworth said, that the flood of British Freedom should perish, and it is our abounding glory that it has fallen to us to save it. We who live through 1941, consecrating our souls to God and His purposes, pledging our lives to our country and its needs, will see the turning of the tide, and know that for our children and our children's children the world will be a free and decent place again.

Arthur Mee

# Little News Reels

ONE of the most pathetic pictures of the war is that of Captain John Reid waving farewell and sounding the ship's siren from the bridge of the *Western Prince* as it went down in the Atlantic.

Robert Bruce's sword has been lost in a fire at Dunstaffnage House, near Oban.

*The Finnish people had Christmas trees without candles this year to save the candles for the Island people, who depend on them.*

Between 30 and 40 mobile canteens subscribed for by the people of the Colonies have been received by the Queen at Buckingham Palace.

Many Oxford undergraduates spent their Christmas vacation in London helping the YMCA services to the Forces.

AFTER hearing Lord Derby's appeal for binoculars an injured man recovering in hospital sent his pair, given him by his dying friend on the beach at Dunkirk.

The Carnegie Trustees have given £5000 for rescue work in bombed areas.

THE gold medal of the Shipwrecked Mariners Society has been given to Malcolm Morrison of Stornoway, the 18-year-old boy who navigated an open boat 550 miles in six days after the torpedoing of the *Arlington Castle*.

*Thomas Hardy's home, Max Gate, near Dorchester, has been left to the National Trust by his sister.*

Denmark is buying up an enormous quantity of carrots to make good the loss of cod liver oil.

The Red Cross Fund has grown to £4,000,000 in 14 months, twice as fast as in the last war.

The new Mohammed Ali Barrage, built by a British firm at the head of the Nile Delta, ten miles from Cairo, has been opened by King Farouk.

## Scout and Guide News Reel

AUSTRALIAN Guides have been sending bales of clothing for children in London. Many were sent to Coventry, six to Bristol, and six to Southampton.

*Kirkstall Girl Guides have already collected over a thousand glass jam jars for the Red Cross Fund.*

A CANADIAN Troop had the idea of operating a refreshment stand near the entrance to a street carnival, and did big business, raising money for the Red Cross.

On the water supply of a north-east town being disorganised after a raid the local Scouts arranged a delivery service and kept a housing estate supplied.

Scout Second Sidney Abel of Dunstable has been commended on his coolness and promptitude in fetching aid which saved the life of a boy who had fallen into a manhole.

## THINGS SEEN

A woman in a London street tearing a letter into a hundred pieces and scattering them in the road; her little boy, taking a piece of paper from his pocket, copying Mummy.

Ragwort in flower in a Kent wood.

A crop of fine raspberries in a garden at Sutton-on-Forest, near York, in December.

# He Gave His Life For His Own Folk

HERE is the story of a rich man who might have been living today and using his wealth to safeguard himself against the discomforts and perils which beset us. He is dead because he chose differently, taking the path of duty.

From his home a safe distance away he saw the explosion of bombs falling on the city in which he had made his fortune, and he thought not of himself but of his people, the young folk at his factory in the danger zone. He knew that his place was with them in their peril.

He filled his car with food and drink, and, although his friends tried to dissuade him, he delivered them at the works and for a time encouraged his people amid the barrage and the falling bombs. Then a bomb fell where he was, and this man, Mr George Lawrence, playfully known as the razor king, had made a mark on the world by his death greater than any he could have made in his life. Yet he lives indeed, among those whose destinies are for ever caught up in the life of the British nation.

# GOOD NEWS

AS we were all making ready for Christmas the good news continued to flow in from the deserts of Africa and the snows of Albania. The forces of the British Empire had driven the Italian armies out of Egypt with stupendous losses in men and material, and the hardy Greeks were steadily driving their treacherous assailants into the Adriatic. Hard times may be in store, but Parliament rose for the holiday, as the Prime Minister said it might, with confidence in its heart and with a victory cheer.

Also for Christmas came the assurance of Mr Roosevelt that neither money nor anything else is to stand in the way of American help.

When the house is on fire, he says, the good neighbour lends his garden hose without quibbling about payment, and America will consider itself in the position of such a neighbour. She will lend us what we want and we can pay for it afterwards or return it, or comply with whatever plan may be adopted later. At any rate, the help will come, with nothing to stop it.

# The Help That Comes From the West

IN a very real sense America is fighting for Britain. She is making good many of our most serious deficiencies.

The most serious of all is our shortage of steel, without which we could not maintain our armament factories and shipyards. Our peacetime supplies of iron ore from the Continent of Europe are largely cut off, and America is sending us enormous quantities of steel, 600,000 tons a month. The value of this cannot be over-estimated.

Some of the steel is sent us in semi-manufactured form. The

most important manufactured article we want at this moment is the ship.

By a happy thought it was decided to import from America ship plates and other steel parts, drilled with rivet holes ready for building into ships. We can imagine how much this helps our shipyards, crowded as they are with work.

It is all-important to get new and damaged vessels out of hand at the earliest possible moment. Speed is the essence of the matter. A ship now is worth three ships in a year's time.

## A NOTE FROM BRISTOL

AT Bristol an evening meeting of the Society of Friends was being held when the sirens sounded. At the end of the meeting many remained to render aid, and about 150 evacuees drifted in for shelter, including an old lady of 90 and a one-day-old baby in its mother's arms.

Thus these Friends who had gathered for their meeting at 6 p.m. did not leave until 6.30 a.m.

As a large fire was raging in Bristol some dozen charwomen in a safe shelter heard that hands were needed to form a chain for passing buckets of water.

Calling out, "Up we go; we're in on this," they worked for two hours in constant danger under a glass roof. The cry of those who have been hardest hit is, "We've had a knock, but we're not sunk."

## Whipsnade Chimps

THREE evacuees were given a rousing reception when they arrived in Toronto the other day. Not only did crowds gather round to shake hands with them, but all the animals in the zoo turned out to greet them. They were Mick, Bella, and Wendy, three chimpanzees from Whipsnade.

It was amusing to see the way they came out of their shipping

crate and went into their new home, as if delighted to be there. They followed one another in single file, and soon began their tricks. Their first meal met with their full approval. In one sitting they polished off two quarts of condensed milk, a dozen apples, a dozen bananas, three cabbages, thick slices of bread and jam, and a pound and a half of tomatoes!



## NEW MAGICIAN'S WAND

A new electric tube, the Kylstron, small enough to be held in the hand, is performing feats like those of a magician's wand. Pointed at an electric lamp many feet away, it lights up the lamp as if the bulb were connected with a battery and a switch turned on.

The Kylstron produces this effect, and others as remarkable, by discharging electric waves only four inches long. These are quite unlike the radio short-waves, behaving quite differently and being unable to pass through wood or other non-metals. This peculiarity is employed to disperse the rays, which pour out from the Kylstron like a searchlight beam, and vibrate many millions of times a second. It almost seems as if the Kylstron were the first step to conveying power wirelessly.

## POOR KANGAROO

One of our readers in Sydney had a strange bathing companion the other day.

I was surfing at Mona Vale (she writes) when something dark began to bob up and down in the farthest breaker. I raced for the beach, thinking it was surely a shark, but when I looked at the object again I saw that it was an old man kangaroo fighting for his life in the heavy breakers.

The exhausted animal had to be helped to shore. There it was immediately set upon by dogs, which we drove away as the tired animal was in no fit state to tackle them. It managed to escape them and hopped away to the bush.

We thought the dogs must have found the kangaroo on the seashore, and that it had tried to get rid of them by plunging into the water.

## FOR THE LITTER LOU

Trees and picnic shelters in the parks of the United States Forest Service no longer suffer greatly from the picniker's knife, for special logs are now provided where visitors may carve their names to their heart's content. On these the louts who litter our landscapes and carve their silly names on trees and buildings can indulge their imbecility to their heart's content.

## THE HUDDERSFIELD SINGERS

Huddersfield is proud of its Choral Society, one of the finest choirs in the land, for their voices are to be heard up and down America. The famous choir has been filmed while singing selections from the Messiah, and soon the voices of over 200 Yorkshire folk will ring through the New World. They have also sung Rule Britannia, and we may be sure our American cousins will be stirred when they hear it.

## Look to Your Gas Meter

WELL do London's gas workers merit the rewards bestowed by the King.

Picture the scene when a heavy bomb bursts a gas main and, the escaping gas catching fire, an entire district is lit up and exposed, as by a colossal beacon, to hunting raiders. Whatever the risk to the life and limbs of the experts, that flame must be put out.

In spite of incendiaries and oil bombs, in spite of high explosive bombs and parachute mines, the flames are mastered, and the district regains its mantle of darkness. When a gas main is fractured the

## A Remarkable Story From Cornwall

JENNY, a heifer, gave some interesting evidence when her ownership had to be decided at a Cornish county court the other day.

A farmer was honestly under the impression that the animal was a stray of his, but a neighbour also claimed her, saying she was his Jenny, and that ever since she was a calf she had shown great attachment for his cowman.

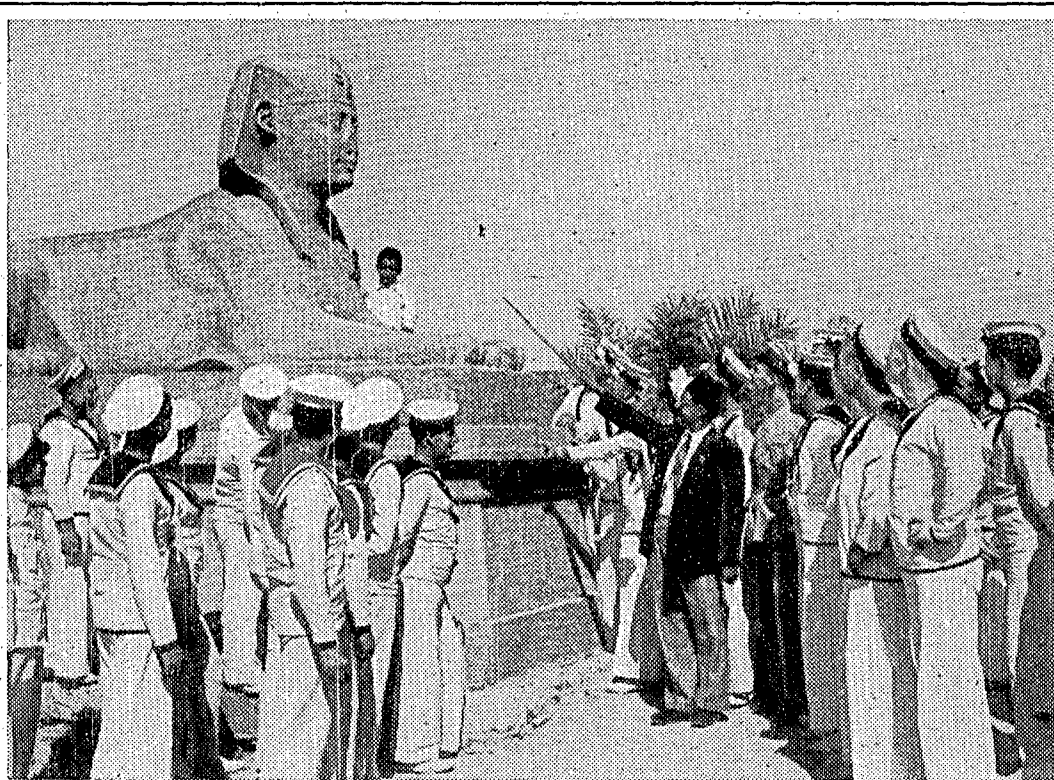
So the two farmers, with their solicitors, attended before the judge in order to decide the true owner, but it was left to Jenny herself to solve the problem.

A lorry load of heifers was brought to the yard of the courthouse, and the farmer who had said the animal was Jenny picked her out from all the others. She was then taken

to a quiet corner of the yard, where the cowman donned the coat he wears when feeding the cows and began to pat and rub Jenny's neck. The animal recognised him instantly, passed her nose up the back of his coat, and suddenly put her fore legs on his shoulders—the only way in which she could shake hands!

It was an exhibition worthy of a circus, and drew much applause from onlookers. All doubt was now dispelled. The evidence was so convincing that there was no need for legal argument, and the judge declared that Jenny had given her evidence in a manner as eloquent as any human witness he had ever seen in the box.

The two farmers shook hands and went home the best of friends.



Old Egypt in the Hour of Victory

As if to celebrate the driving of Italy out of Egypt our sailors see the sights of Alexandria

## X-RAY NEWS

A new method of using X-rays to explore the internal structure of metals has been put into use by magnifying the X-ray photographs with a microscope. The X-rays are much shorter and more penetrating than light rays, but, unlike them, cannot be focused so as to produce magnification. A small X-ray photograph of a fragment of the metal to be examined is taken, and this is magnified through a microscope two hundred times.

The result is not only a much enlarged picture, but one which gives a view in three dimensions of the metal's structure and irregularities, together with any cracks and voids it may have.

## BAD NEWS TRAVELS SLOWLY BUT IT TRAVELS

Boer farmers near Johannesburg are looking up into the skies for their winter visitors.

They are the storks, who fly the 7000 miles from Holland to visit South Africa each winter. But this year the long-billed birds are bringing sadness with them, for often, attached to their legs, are messages from the Dutch, telling of starvation, injustice, and persecution under the Nazi rule.

## TOFFEE

We do not send old ladies to bomb Berlin or Turin, but it seems that many pilots who have flown to these targets have been helped on their way by an old lady.

She is the mother of an intelligence officer at one of our great aerodromes. One day, it seems, she bought a two-pound tin of toffee, sending it with her compliments to the room where pilots received instructions before setting out on hazardous missions over Europe. The intelligence officer, a flying-man himself in peacetime, asked the pilots to help themselves, and they did so with so much delight and such evident satisfaction that the old lady made it her business to see that the box was never empty. A pilot would put a few pieces into his pocket and pop one between his teeth while crossing enemy territory.

## UNDER TWO FLAGS

We hear that earnest prayers for our victory are being offered in the Bechuanaland Protectorate, where a delegate of the London Missionary Society has been visiting a desert tribe known as the Damara, who migrated into the Protectorate from what used to be German South-West Africa. It is remembered that for 15 years the Germans spent £26,000,000 in trying to subdue them by the most savage methods; but the tribe has now settled down quite happily under British rule, and neither they nor any of the natives who were left behind give the slightest trouble. It is an interesting example of what a change of flag can do.

## Making Wise the Simple

We take this little story of Professor Einstein from a new book by Robert Graves, "The Long Weekend."

It seems that the Professor was asked by a lady in New York to explain in a few simple words what was meant by the theory of relativity. This was his smiling reply:

Madam, I was once walking in the country on a hot day with a blind friend when I happened to say I could do with a drink of milk.

"Milk?" said my friend. "Drink I know, but what is milk?"

"A white liquid," I replied. "Liquid I know," said the blind man, "but what is white?"

## THE WORRIED PILOT

One of our pilots was compelled to make a forced landing a few days ago, and missed death by inches. Nothing seemed more likely than that his plane would burst into flames, or that he would be killed as he dropped to earth between two rows of houses.

Wardens running to the scene were deeply concerned to make sure the pilot was alive. He was, but he was worried. "Looking for something?" someone asked. "Yes," said the pilot. "I've lost another pair of gloves."

## THE GREAT PROCESSION TO THE DOOR OF HOPE

The great procession of homeless children reaching the ever-open door of Dr Barnardo's Homes has now reached 125,000.

No child has ever been refused admission, although it costs £10,000 a week to keep them. Barnardo's are sure of only one-fifth of this, and depend for the rest on the public remembering to send it. In four months of the war their income dropped by £40,000, but the children came in more and more, and continued to come after the bombings. Five times every day some homeless child passes through these doors to join the family of 8000 children always there, and 2500 old boys and girls are helping to win the war.

Why not begin the New Year well by sending a mite (or more than a mite) for these noble homes that turn urchins and miserable children into a happy family? Send it to The Treasurer, Barnardo's Homes, Stepney Causeway, E 1.

## TWO-MINUTE SILENCE

Every noon the machines in a laundry outside Glasgow stop work, and the 700 girls who operate them may be seen standing with eyes closed and heads bent.

For two minutes these girls pray silently for the safety of their fathers, brothers, and sweethearts in the Services. Then the machines hum again and the Scottish lasses go calmly back to work.

## A HINT FOR SMALL WINDOWS

A grown-up reader who has been studying suggestions for the replacement of broken windows sends us a suggestion applying to small leaded panes. After various experiments he finds that Cellophane, stretched taut over the opening with a sufficient over-lap to fit over the metal surround, and fixed with fine quality paste or gum, makes an admirable substitute for glass.

So treated, his damaged windows have withstood heavy gales, driving rains, and explosions that have made the whole house tremble.

"Oh," said I, "the colour of a swan's feathers."

"Feathers I know, but what is a swan?" asked the blind man.

"A bird with a crooked neck," I explained.

"Neck I know," said the blind man, "but what is crooked?"

Thereupon, madam (said Einstein), I lost patience. I seized his arm and straightened it. "That's straight," I said. Then I bent it at the elbow. "And that's crooked," I told him.

"Ah," cried the blind man, "now I know what you mean by milk!"

## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



### THE ROAD WAR

THE war has detracted attention from that other conflict fought out on our roads day after day. It is a sad commentary on our regard for the lives and limbs of our citizens that the road casualties exceed in number the casualties inflicted by enemy aircraft.

### The Penny-Wise P O

IN these days it has been tempting to give Stamp Books for Christmas boxes, for stamps are a heavy item now. But we found the idea less attractive on looking into the little books and finding them packed with advertisements. Even the front cover itself is now used in this way, making the book an undignified thing to give away.

The C N has said many times that it is a pity a rich Post Office cannot make up a stamp book for the convenience of the people and not for its own profit. The Post Office has enough ideas of its own to advertise without advertising other people's. One of the most popular little gifts at any Christmas time, or at any birthday time, would be an attractive 10s book of stamps free from this penny-making folly.

### THE COMFORTER

THE thud of falling bombs was the signal for a kindergarten "somewhere in the Midlands" to make for a shelter.

Six-year-old Betty burst into tears, but was immediately comforted by her little companion Joan. "It's all right, Betty," she said, putting her arm round her; "look at me! I'm not frightened, and there's no need for you to get frightened until I do!"

### Black and White

WE have been much interested to read that the badge of Achimota College on the Gold Coast is a tiny section of a piano showing the black and white keys. It seems a little curious until we think of the reason for it, which is that the future of Africa depends on harmonious action between the black and white races—an idea that Achimota is carrying out very well.

### THIS KIND WORLD

A PLEASANT story comes from Ventnor, where, under the will of Mrs Annie Fisher, the National Institute for the Blind has received full possession of her home, Mrs Fisher hoping that it would become "a pleasant backwater where a little group of elderly blind people may find peace in their advancing years." It is to be nothing like a conventional institution, but is to be a very friendly place, and the Institute found it handed over to them "with kettle on the hob, clean towels and dishcloth by the sink, and everything in perfect running order."

### Galilee is Stronger Than Hitler

We take this from Lord Lothian's last words to America.

HITLERISM is not true. All history proves it wrong. The Sermon on the Mount is in the long run much stronger than all Hitler's propaganda or Goering's guns and bombs. The core of the Allied creed, for all our mistakes of omission and commission, is liberty, justice, and truth.

We are doing all we can. Since May there is no challenge we have evaded, no challenge we have refused. If you back us you won't be backing a quitter. The issue now depends largely on what you decide to do. Nobody can share the responsibility with you. It is the great strength of democracy that it brings responsibility down squarely on every citizen and every nation. And before the Judgment Seat of God each must answer for his own actions.

### With Love to Mussolini

WE understand that two of the least welcome Christmas boxes received by Mussolini were a History of Greece and a History of Egypt sent with love from *A Feeble Democracy*.

### JUST AN IDEA

Liberty is the one thing you can't have unless you give it to others, as William Allen White said.

## A 3-MINUTE BROADCAST

The Editor has been asked to print this three-minute broadcast with which he announced Blake's Jerusalem at the end of Leslie Bailly's last B B C Scrapbook.

How thrilling was that song of Drake's Drum! Drake was the first English captain to sail round the world. He went out into the unknown, and after the hardest voyaging a seaman ever had they laid him in the bed of the Pacific to the sound of his drum and his violins. We may think his way to immortality was hard, but the men who have done the greatest things in the world have always had to fight the hardest.

We owe the very language we speak, our English literature itself, to three poor strugglers: Chaucer, Tyndale, Shakespeare, names that should be written in the skies. Chaucer was poor all his life till the king gave him £20 a year, and then he could not pay his debts. Tyndale was tortured to his dying day and then strangled, but he gave us the noblest legacy of our race, the English Bible. Shakespeare found his first chance in life by holding horses at theatres. It was faith and courage mixed with poverty that made these three.

For six months these Scrapbooks have thrilled us with immortal achievements and such heroic names as these: Christopher Wren, giving London its crowning glory of St Paul's; Milton, a fugitive from his persecutors, his books burned by the hangman, ending life as a poor blind man, yet with his soul alight with heavenly fire. Think of Ronald Ross, discovering the secret of malaria after years of disappointment; Florence Nightingale, breaking the power of Government Departments to save our soldiers from being murdered by neglect; Livingstone alone in Africa and Grenfell in Labrador, strugglers at the outposts of the flag.

Think of Captain Oates walking out into the blizzard, Mallory and Irvine mounting up Everest and disappearing in the clouds, never to be seen again; Scott and his comrades turning back from the Pole with heavy hearts to die in the eternal snows.

When life seems hard and faith seems dead, let us remember that you and I belong to a race of men like these, men with courage unflinching, faith undaunted, facing any hazard, keeping the Vision before them. For us, too, the future will have tasks equal to any of theirs. Let us do them in the spirit and with the vision of that other struggler of our race, poor William Blake, piping down the valleys wild, depressed by our satanic mills, but dreaming all the time of a fairer age in England's green and pleasant land, our spiritual paradise, our Jerusalem.



John the Shoebill of the London-Zoo having his legs oiled against frostbite

## Immortal Curate

IT is 300 years this week since a young man, once called the pride and boast of British Astronomy, passed away unhonoured and unsung. He was Jeremiah Horrocks, curate of Much Hoole in Lancashire, passing rich on £40 a year.

He was born in Liverpool, but is always associated with Much Hoole, where his church is still standing, and where we may still see the house in which he made one of the most startling experiments of all time. The house, which was new in his day, has a central porch three storeys high, little mullioned windows with diamond panes, and a grand door studded with iron. Here, in a room over the porch, is the window through which Jeremiah Horrocks caught the winter sunshine in his half-crown telescope, and saw Venus as a little black spot on the sun, the first time this was seen in human history.

Self-taught as a boy, Horrocks had studied the works of Kepler, and had calculated that Venus would appear to cross the face of the sun one winter's day in 1639. It had never been seen; Kepler himself had overlooked

it. But Horrocks was so sure that he set up his little telescope in a darkened room, using it to project a picture of the sun on to a sheet. The great day was Sunday, and the curate and a friend had only the intervals between the services to rush home for another look. Jeremiah and William Crabtree must have almost given up hope, for the afternoon was wearing on and nothing had happened; but at a quarter-past three they entered the dark room and saw it all—Venus already like a tiny black dot on the yellow face of the sun—and together they watched for half an hour until the winter sun sank below the horizon.

For his prediction and observation of the Transit of Venus Horrocks is immortal in the story of astronomy. Soon after he had to leave Hoole through ill-health, and he died suddenly at 23. Some of his writings were plundered in the Civil War, some perished in the Great Fire, and posterity might never have heard of this wonderful little Lancashire curate if the Royal Society had not stepped in to save what could be saved.

## The Last of the Squawkies

AN improvement is promised in the husky tones of the voices which speak the words in sound films.

Though very much improved since we called them the Squawkies, these films often make the actors speak their lines as if they had a plum in their mouths. The reason for these defects is dust. When the pictured film runs through the projector, light shines on those light and dark areas of the accompanying sound film which correspond to the intensity of

the sound waves. The variations thus caused in the light are then converted into electric variations, and so back into sound through a loudspeaker. This is the technique of production, which is, however, disturbed by dust causing interruption of the light and imposing superfluous and unwanted sounds on the sound track. The new sound films will be produced by reducing the light, so as to keep the film trails as dark as possible; and thus drowning out the unwanted noises.

## Under the Editor's Table

THE girl who becomes a bus conductor is the kind who knows how to get on.

A GIRL in the A T S was told that her hair must not touch her collar. She took off her collar.

LONG hair is not encouraged in the Army. Soldiers are used to close shaves.

GREEKS are anxious to learn English. At present it is Greek to them.

If you want to be famous, have an easy name, a writer says. Even then it is hard.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If coal will be a burning question this winter

SOME people dislike blank verse. Prefer blank pages?

How to make a parcel is a problem with the paper shortage. And we don't wrap it up.

ITALIAN Fascists stand up to hear the war bulletins. But not to the enemy.

THE housewife who manages on her butter ration deserves a pat on the back.

A FASCIST speaker says the Italians are still enthusiastic about the war. Their enthusiasm is running away with them.



# TALES of the ISLAND

WE take these stories of our countryside from the King's England books, the Editor's survey of all England, with its towns, cities, and villages, and everything for a traveller to see in them.

These county volumes introduce us to famous folk and great events in history; reading them we share the life of our countryside down the ages and look upon the wondrous work of our builders and craftsmen, and our immortal statesmen, writers, artists, dreamers, discoverers, and inventors. The volumes are full of tales of these people and the things they did, the work of their hands, and the legacy they left behind for us to see. Who knows these books knows England. As we cannot travel today, the next best thing is to be reading about our country in readiness for the days when we shall see it again in its glory.

## SUSSEX

### A King's Last Friend

At Albourne in Sussex the great house is Albourne Place, once the home of the Juxons. Bishop Juxon stayed here with his brother in the Civil War, and is said to have saved himself from Cromwell's men by seizing a trowel as they passed by and pretending to be a bricklayer. He lived to see the end of that great chapter, to be with Charles Stuart on the scaffold and hear him say *Remember*. He did remember, for he lived to crown Charles Stuart's son.

## WARWICKSHIRE

### Shakespeare's Country

Snitterfield in Warwickshire, which knew the name of Shakespeare generations before the world had heard of it, has the most charmingly simple memorial we have seen to the men who died for us in the Great War. Noble in its simplicity and its conception, an elegant cross stands at the end of a lane which brings us from the village to high ground looking out on the hamlets and fields round Stratford. Set in a panel in most admirable lettering are the names of the 35 men of Snitterfield who did not come back, and in front is a good stone seat from which we look out on a great horizon. Edgehill is on the left, and if the day is clear we can see the Wrekin. It is a noble prospect, and carved on the back of the seat are these fine words:

*The noble expanse visible from this spot was Shakespeare's favourite countryside. The men whose names are inscribed on the neighbouring monument gave their lives for that England which never did nor never shall lie at the proud foot of a conqueror.*

## GLOUCESTERSHIRE

### Wren's Carpenter

A wooden panel in the porch of the tower of Newent Church in Gloucestershire tells us that Charles the Second made a grant of 60 tons of oak from the Forest of Dean, and with this timber Edward Taylor, a carpenter who had worked under Wren, undertook to reconstruct the roof. Wren's carpenter has been sleeping in the churchyard since 1721. Unless we climb up into the rafters we do not see his wondrous roof today, for the great beams were encased in oak sheeting about 50 years ago. His name, however, is not forgotten, for the timber porch of the lady chapel was erected to his memory.

## CHESHIRE

### Inspiration of a Poet

Somebody has said that Broxton is the most confusing village in Cheshire, for who can tell where it begins or ends? It has no church to help us. It lies in the midst of hill country, and on one of its tree-clad heights, Bickerton Hill, is a green mound that has survived from a fortress of the ancient Britons.

In this delightful part of Cheshire old houses abound, and the traveller here in rhododendron time will find the hills like pyramids of colour. The village was the inspiration of one of the promising poets cut off by the last war, Wilfred Owen, who fell a week before the Armistice. One of the vivid memories of his short life, was of a visit to Broxton when he was ten. Here, he said, was born his poethood. These are the first four lines of a poem he wrote at the Front expressing the philosophy of many soldiers:

*Sit on the bed. I'm blind, and three parts shell.  
Be careful; can't shake hands now; never shall.  
Both arms have mutined against me—brutes.  
My fingers fidget like ten idle brats.*

## CORNWALL

### Black and White Beach

Coombe is one of the lovely hidden corners of Cornwall where we can run down a lane and find the Atlantic sweeping in. Those who love the little stones of the sea will find a hundred thousand black and white ones here.

On this beach there takes place the old service of Blessing the Sea, the parson standing on a rock to invoke a blessing on the waters, and on their ships, and on their men, and to remember all who had been drowned in them. A cross of heather is placed on the sea and borne away on the waves.

## DEVON

### Little Saint

There are saints with little scenes in roundels below them in a fine window at Newton St Cyres in Devon; another pictures the sower and another the church's patron saints, Julietta and little Cyr. It was little Cyr who figures in one of the most heroic tales of chivalry. Seeing his mother tortured by one of Diocletian's governors, he called out, "I, too, am a Christian," and was thrown to the ground and killed by the governor, who had been dandling the gallant little fellow on his knee.

## HE SHALL NOT BE FORGOT

WHENEVER I get up I'll think of 'ee, and whenever I lie down I'll think of 'ee. Whenever I plant the young larches I'll think that none can plant as you planted; and whenever I split a gad, and whenever I turn the cider wring, I'll say none could do it like you. If ever I forget your name let me forget home and heaven! But no, no, my love, I never can forget 'ee, for you war a good man, and did good things!

A Thomas Hardy character at a graveside

## To Mother England

*We have received from the poet's mother, now living in Haiti, a poem addressed to England by one who fought for her in the Great War and wrote these verses while his fortunes were in the balance. He was a lieutenant and professor—Walter Brooks Drayton Henderson, whose death last year left a gap in many lives. We take this from his poem.*

MOTHER, they said thou wast old,  
And thy strength gone utterly by;  
Thine eyes upon gaining and gold,  
And averse from thy star in the sky.

Mother, they said thou didst dream,  
Content with old glorious things,  
With morning long gone, and the gleam  
Of sunlight on imminent wings.

Mother, they said thou didst sleep,  
Who hadst waked in thy day-dawn  
And strewn  
Thy sons on the face of the deep,  
Till thy glory had waned as the moon.

Mother, they said, little wise,  
That thou hadst become but a name,  
Knowing not of the light of thine eyes  
Nor the love of thy sons like a flame.

## THE QUIET HOUR

TO become a well-read man one must first make sure of a comfortable bed with a cunningly placed light that shows a clear and unshadowed page held at the proper reading angle to the eye. Such reading hours as one may snatch in hammocks under trees, in deck-chairs or verandahs, or by the ingleneuk, or at stretch on the library couch, are precious and not to be despised, but give me the dozy hours when the house is quiet and nothing but the drowsy god can come between me and my bedtime book, and ah! those excursions into the realms of gold.

J. A. Hammerton

## Tribute to a Queen

LONDON BRIDGE is falling down,  
My fair Lady!  
Be it said to your renown  
That you wore your gayest gown,  
Your bravest smile, and stayed  
in town  
When London Bridge was falling  
down,  
My fair Lady!

Mary A. Winter of Chicago

## THE CITY FAIR

GRANT us a vision of our City,  
fair as she might be: a city  
of justice where none shall prey  
on others; a city of plenty where  
vice and poverty shall cease to  
fester; a city of brotherhood where  
all success shall be founded on  
service, and honour shall be given  
to nobleness alone; a city of peace  
where order shall not rest on force,  
but on the love of all for the city,  
the great mother of the common  
life and weal.

Hear Thou, O Lord, the silent  
prayer of all our hearts as we each  
pledge our time and strength and  
thought to speed the day of her  
coming beauty and righteousness.

Walter Rauschenbusch



# CARRY ON

## IS THIS THE MAN WHO MADE THE EARTH TO TREMBLE?

*This is a poet's version of Isaiah's prophecies of the destruction of a tyrant and the laying waste of his land.*

It shall come to pass that thou shalt  
Utter this song over the king of  
Babylon and say  
How hath the oppressor, the  
exacter of golden tribute,  
ceased.

Jehovah hath broken the staff  
of the wicked,  
The rod of the tyrants.  
The whole earth is at rest, they  
break forth into song.

The fir trees also exult over thee,  
Babylon,  
And the cedars of Lebanon say,  
Since thou art cast down no axe-  
man has come up against us.

All the kings of the nations will  
accost thee, and say,  
Art thou also become feeble, as  
we are,  
And become like unto us?

Those that gaze upon thee shall  
say,  
Is this the man who made the  
earth to quake,  
And legions to tremble?  
Who made the earth a desert and  
laid waste the cities thereof?  
All the kings of the nations, yea,  
all, reposed in glory,  
Every one in his own place;  
But thou art cast out from thy  
sepulchre  
As a loathsome branch; as the  
raiment of those  
That are slain, thrust through  
with the sword,  
That go down to the stones of  
the pit;  
As a carcass trodden underfoot.  
I will make it, Babylon, a posses-  
sion for the porcupine  
And for pools of water, and will  
sweep it with the  
Besom of destruction, saith  
Jehovah, Lord of Hosts!

Adapted from Isaiah 13 and 14

## Who Bides His Time

WHO bides his time, and day by  
day  
Faces defeat full patiently,  
And lifts a mirthful roundelay,  
However poor his fortunes be—  
He will not fail in any quailm  
Of poverty—the paltry dime  
It will grow golden in his  
palm,  
Who bides his time.

Who bides his time—he tastes  
the sweet  
Of honey in the saltiest tear;  
And though he fares with slowest  
feet,  
Joy runs to meet him, drawing  
near;  
The birds are heralds of his  
cause;

And, like a never-ending rhyme,  
The roadsides bloom in his  
applause,  
Who bides his time.  
Who bides his time, and fevers  
not  
In the hot race that none  
achieves,  
Shall wear cool-wreathen laurel,  
wrought  
With crimson berries in the  
leaves;  
And he shall reign a goodly king,  
And sway his hand o'er every  
clime;  
With peace writ on his signet-  
ring,  
Who bides his time.

James Whitcomb Riley



## The Snow Maidens

Three jolly girls set out for a tramp through the  
snow on the Kirkstone Pass in Westmorland

## The English-Speaking World Has Lost a Great Figure

ON one of the most thrilling days of the war the people of this country were lifted up by a great victory and bowed down by a great sorrow.

The victory was the driving of the Italians out of Egypt; the sorrow, which we must count as a disaster, was the passing of Lord Lothian, the best ambassador we have ever had in Washington.

The news that Lord Lothian had left this world came like a bolt from the blue. It must have been as a personal grief to millions, for, though his modesty had held him from the limelight at home (where he preferred to be doing things rather than appearing on platforms) his short ambassadorship had made history and his last speech, which was read as he lay, all unguessed at, on his deathbed, was an unforgettable appeal to America to play its part in making the world a decent place again. He was an old friend of Mr Roosevelt and one of the most typical figures in the public life of the English-speaking world.

## The Nation Gains Four Million Acres BUT WHAT OF THE CHILDREN?

So well have our farmers worked to increase our food supply that we can now state with some confidence that in the coming spring there will be 4,000,000 more ploughed acres than last year.

We could have no greater object-lesson in the difference between possession and use. We have a goodly but neglected heritage. What is true of our soil is true also of our people. There are still millions of uncultivated acres; there are still millions of uncultivated children; these are not, like the wasted farms, decreasing with the war, but multiplying apace.

There is some lack of co-operation between the Board of Education and the Ministry of Health which is primarily responsible for evacuation. Many schools of reception areas are overcrowded and understaffed. We do not minimise the difficulties due to changing circumstances, but we must all hope for better control of a problem involving the future of the race.

## In Praise of Handcarts

Arriving at the house of a customer the other day, a London tradesman's delivery man was asked why he was pushing a handcart instead of driving a horse and van. "There's two reasons," he answered. "One's economy; the other's me." Loss of customers had made horse-keeping too expensive; and he himself welcomed the change. "When the sirens go," he explained, "you don't have to tie up the old handcart to a tree or a lamp each time you go in to serve a customer." So it was handcarts every time for his money, he said—when there's a war on!

He had edited the Round Table, one of the most remarkable journals in existence, and had been with Lord Milner in Africa. He had travelled well and knew the affairs of the world as well as any man. He was one of the most powerful men behind the scenes at the end of the Great War and drew up many of the clauses of the Versailles Treaty. Yet he was a Liberal and was ready to revise these clauses if Hitler had been less brutal in his methods. He had been secretary of the Rhodes Trust and was one of the best informed of all our public men on imperial matters.

He was the best of men, too. He lived in one of the noblest houses in England (Blickling Hall in Norfolk), yet was a man of great simplicity, a teetotaler, a Christian Scientist, a man who lived as Milton would have us live, "as ever in the Great Taskmaster's eye." Scholar, statesman, thinker, traveller, he was a spiritual and political force in the world, a great Liberal like his friend Mr Roosevelt, and with him he brought about that revolution of American opinion which may lead to the noblest conception of government now being born in the world—the Reunion of the English-speaking Peoples in order to save Civilisation.



Digging for Victory in  
a school garden at  
Broxbourne

## WHAT IS MEANT BY INFLATION?

From the Parliamentary Report

Mr Stokes: Will my right honourable friend define what Inflation is?

Mr Pethick-Lawrence: That is a very hard nut to crack. It is like asking someone to define a loaf of bread. We know it when we see it, but it is not so easy to define it.

## The Boy Talks With the Man

Boy. It is long since we talked about money and I have been very interested to read what they say about it in the papers. Do you think the grown-ups understand what is meant by the "danger of inflation"?

Man. I fear that not many grown-ups know much about money except that they want more of it. Sometimes they grumble when they find their money does not buy as much as it used to do, but few seriously study money or prices.

Boy. Isn't it strange that so important a thing should not be studied more closely?

Man. Yes and No. Oddly enough, it is just the things that are really important that go unstudied. Even the brain we think with is as little studied as the money system it might be used to improve.

Boy. Does money need improving?

Man. Undoubtedly. The money we use now (paper money having no value in itself) was an expedient derived from the last war. Before that war our money was (apart from silver and bronze, small change) either gold or Bank of England notes for which gold could be legally demanded. In short, we had a gold currency, and all our prices were gold prices, every article, whether a loaf of bread or a house, being valued as worth so much gold.

That being so, everyone had confidence in a Bank of England note, knowing it was a gold certificate. When the last war broke out golden sovereigns and bank notes were withdrawn from circulation at home to enable us to buy more freely abroad, and bits of paper were substituted which had no intrinsic value. That is our present system.

Boy. Yet people treat paper money as good money!

Man. Yes; and note the reason! Our paper money is issued by Government authority through the Bank of England, and our people, having confidence in their Government and in the Bank, accept the paper notes freely. This confident acceptance is a very great thing, for it proves that mere Paper Money can be used, as it was in ancient China, to enable us to exchange things with each other.

Boy. Why are we not afraid the Government will get the Bank of England to print heaps of paper notes to make it seem that the country is more wealthy than it really is?

Man. Now you ask a question that brings us to the real subject of Inflation. As soon as a Government issues a quantity of paper money out of proportion to the quantity of goods produced by the nation, we have inflation of the currency. Goods and money then cease to be properly related, and confidence in the paper notes is shaken or may entirely disappear. As the paper money grows in quantity, it buys less and less, or in other words, prices rise. If the Government prints yet more paper money to enable people to pay the higher prices, prices rise higher still, until the paper money becomes almost worthless.

Boy. Has that ever happened?

Man. Oh yes; in many nations which found that to inflate is to blow out, and inflated paper money swells out like a bag till it bursts.

## The Four Adopted Daughters

A FAIRY godmother and godfather in Los Angeles are anxiously awaiting news of four adopted daughters they have never seen.

The story starts during the last war, when American families were asked to become foster parents to Armenian children who were orphaned during the Turkish massacre. Mr and Mrs Stephen Shaljian, of Los Angeles, adopted four girls. Since then, although they have never seen the children, they feel they know them from their letters and photographs. The Shaljians paid for their education and were overjoyed when all the girls married happily.

But tragedy came with the outbreak of war. One girl's husband went into the French army and she was left penniless

in Paris. Another daughter completely disappeared. A third is married to an American in Syria, while the fourth, Zartouhie, who was a nurse in a London hospital, married a young lieutenant who went with the B E F to Flanders and did not return in the retreat from Dunkirk.

No word had been received of him until the other day, when the postman brought the Shaljians a mysterious-looking letter. It was from Zartouhie's husband, written in a German prison camp. It had been written in July and apparently been mailed via Siberia. He was well, he said, and asked the Shaljians to let his wife know. The Shaljians are hoping that soon there will be a happy ending to this story of their four adopted daughters—a hope which the C N shares.

## Parliament's Home Guard

MORE than three centuries ago armed men searching the cellars of Westminster Hall, where the House of Commons held its sittings, discovered the Great Gunpowder Plot.

Boys and girls do not need anyone to tell them that story of the Home Guard of the Royal Palace of Westminster; but they may be amused by a new story of the same watchful body in its 1940 guise.

The Palace of Westminster today, under the nightly threat of Hitler's Blitz, has now a Home Guard company of about 250. Of these about 100 are members of one of the Houses of Parliament, and 150 are drawn from the staff.

Thus a peer or an army colonel of the last war, now too old for active service but not too old to work hard in the Lords or the Commons and defend the great historic building where they carry on the work of government, may well find themselves on night duty side by side with a Parliamentary messenger. Both will have the same rank, the same responsibility, and both do 12 hours' patrol.

To the staff and those MPs whose constituencies are not too far from London the turn of duty comes about one night each week, after a hard day in the House. Other MPs and peers will do one turn each fortnight.

The work is tiring, nerve-racking, and dangerous. The

House of Commons and the House of Lords have both suffered from the attacks of the Nazi bombers.

But Brigadier-General Sir Ernest Makins, the Midlands MP who commands the Home Guard of Parliament, knows he can rely on his men. They are not youngsters, but no Regulars could be more punctilious in their watch or more seriously concerned with their picket duty for the night.

Not long ago an official of Parliament called upon all the members of the Guard to sign what they took to be an attendance-roll. This was something new. But something even newer followed, when the Guard found itself presented with varying amounts of silver, and learned that these represented two shillings for each turn of duty. The peers and MPs were delighted. They did not expect pay for their service, and now they were receiving double the pay of a real private soldier—two shillings for 12 hours' work.

Alas, their joy was shortlived. Hardly had they made up their minds how many packets of cigarettes the unexpected windfall would buy than General Makins was calling upon them to hand over their pay—for expenses!

The noble lords and honourable members are now waiting to see what future treat the expenses fund will provide. Perhaps it will be a midnight feast?

## Old Records Live Again

O for the touch of a vanished hand  
And the sound of a voice that is still!

We are promised that the voices and tunes of a past generation, recorded on the wax phonograph long ago, shall sound again, though some of these old records are so worn and frail that those who keep them fear to use them.

A new process has been found to translate and transfer their grooves to modern discs that can be multiplied at will. No harsh needle travels over the ancient wax, but a stylo pencil tipped with sapphire floats gently over the grooves, and our newest implement, the electric eye, otherwise the photo-electric cell, does the rest.

The sapphire pencil as it travels sheds light from a tiny electric bulb on to a still smaller swaying mirror less than one-hundredth of an inch thick. The mirror reflects the light rays on to a photo-electric cell, which instantly translates the light simultaneously into electricity and into sound. Thus the old sounds are made new again, and are recorded anew on sturdy modern discs which can be duplicated, and stereotyped so that the sounds will last indefinitely.

Tennyson reciting his verses, Madame Patti singing, old folk-music thought to be lost, will all be heard again here, there, and everywhere.



# NAPOLEON'S ONLY SON COMES HOME AGAIN

Paris, the slave-capital of the Nazis, has witnessed a pathetic spectacle, for the ashes of Napoleon's only son have been laid beside Napoleon in the grandeur of his tomb. It is hardly possible to imagine a more terrible postscript to the story of Napoleon than that the child of his dazzling dream to found a dynasty by which he should be remembered for all time should be brought back to Paris while it is in the hands of the Nazi Upstart. Pathetic, too, is the story of this only son, the little King of Rome who lived but a few short years and was forgotten.

INTRO the stormy life of the great adventurer came this little child, softening a few of Napoleon's stirring years, flattering him with hopes at once tender and glorious, and then fading away like a mocking will-o'-the-wisp, leaving the most poignant of all the regrets that crowded the end of his amazing life.

It was when Napoleon reached the height of his power and had Europe at his feet (with the exception of Great Britain and Russia, whom he could not reach) that his hope of founding a dynasty became intense. His ambition demanded an heir.

Could he not hope to cover up his origin in Corsica by an alliance with a proud house? Would the most ancient of the royal lines dare to reject him should he ask them for a bride? Would they not be afraid to shut the door in his face when the Upstart knocked for admission?

## King of Rome

He dwelt on the thought until it became an obsession which overwhelmed even his love for Josephine; who could not give him a son. So he put her aside, though the French folk instinctively thought of her as his good genius. Then he chose as his new wife the young Marie Louise of Austria.

On this curious match, (for Napoleon was forty and Marie Louise eighteen) the world did not look entirely with disfavour, for there were hopes that if Napoleon were settled at home his restless spirit might be calmed and his energies be directed to the peaceful development of his great empire.

Then came the time when Paris was told that an heir was born. An incredible enthusiasm burst out. Hats were thrown into the air, cheers sounded from all parts of the Tuileries Gardens, and the news spread with an almost miraculous swiftness. As for the emperor, it was with tears rolling down his cheeks that he faced his son for the first time. Reviving an ancient title, he made him, in his cradle, King of Rome.

## Napoleon's Happy Hours

Everyone was eager to manifest his joy to the emperor. In painting, in sculpture, in print, the imperial baby's portrait was everywhere. Poets sent him verses from all parts of the country.

But the expected peace did not come with the welcomed child. In the beginning of 1812 a fresh storm from the north threatened the French Empire. A rupture between France and Russia occurred, partly through the Austrian marriage. Overwhelmed with care and work, Napoleon's only happy hours were those he spent playing with his son, guiding the child's first steps, laughing at his falls, enchanted with his promise.

The little King of Rome was carried in his father's arms to see

the soldiers of France; or was to be found in the emperor's study, the famous room forbidden to all others. Napoleon, gifted with an extraordinary power of concentration, could at the same time attend to business and lend himself to the child's tyranny—now sitting on his favourite sofa busy with the reading of an important despatch, now at his desk signing papers, with his boy on his lap.

His patience with the boy was inexhaustible. He, so hot-headed when interrupted in his planning of battles, would put up with anything from this child. The emperor had made a series of little wooden pieces of different sizes and colours to stand for regiments, and when he wanted to try any new manoeuvre he would set them out on the floor as on a battle-field. Sometimes the little King of Rome, lying on the rug, and delighted with these coloured pegs that reminded him of his toys, would disturb the order of the battle at a decisive moment, but such was Napoleon's patience with his son that he did not grumble; he would lay out his toy soldiers afresh.

## Petitions to the King.

As the child grew up he became fond of watching people in the Tuileries Gardens below the palace windows, and many Parisians would gather there to watch him too. Having noticed that some people entered the palace with rolls of papers under their arms, he inquired what this meant, and was told they were unfortunate people who came with petitions to his father. Then a habit grew up of the petitions being brought to him that he might take them to his father.

Many stories are told about the sending of these petitions through the child as the surest way of attracting the emperor's notice. One such petition, asking for an official post, was addressed in full form to "His Majesty the King of Rome," and when it reached Napoleon he said: "This letter is not for me. Let it be taken to the prince." So it was taken to the child lying in his sumptuous cradle. When it was returned to the emperor he asked what his son had said, and was told that he had made no reply. "Very well; silence means consent, and the request will be granted," said the ruler of France; and the appointment was forthwith made.

## A Lesson For the Prince.

Though the prince was generally gentle and docile, he sometimes flew into a passion, but even as a small child he understood his position. Once, the Court recorders say, when he rolled on the floor shouting, his guardian teacher shut the windows and drew down the blinds. The child, surprised, at once forgot his anger, stood up, and asked why that had been done. "I close the windows lest people should hear you," said the lady. "Do you think the French

would have you for their prince if they knew—?"

"Oh, did they hear me?" exclaimed the boy. "I should be so sorry. I won't do it again."

That was how this little lad, whom France had expected, in whom all Europe was interested, was brought up until the day came when Napoleon, defeated and surrounded by victorious nations, had to explain to the officers of the Paris National

abdication in favour of his son in April 1814. From Elba he was to escape, and during the period after his return till his defeat at Waterloo Marie Louise remained quietly secluded in Austria and gave her husband no encouragement. Napoleon did not forget the son on whom his hopes had been fixed, for in his second and final abdication it was again his son whom he named as his successor; but his son was being

period now and then to bring forward the boy's name to create a passing diversion. Napoleon's son had become the smallest of the pawns on the diplomatic chessboard of Europe.

Into what kind of boy, what kind of youth, did this little Napoleon grow?

At first he had some sense of the position in France to which he had been born, but the Austrian Emperor's plan was to try to make the child forget France and its associations. His name was changed, much against his liking, from Napoleon to Francis; but he remembered a great deal about his childhood. One of the archdukes showed him a silver coin and asked him if he knew whose likeness it was. "Yes; it is mine," he replied, "when I was King of Rome."

## A Colonel at Twenty

As a child he was devoted to study, as if to fit himself for any position; but his thoughts ran much on military lines as he grew older, and he was advanced step by step through the army till at twenty he became a colonel.

As he grew into manhood he overtaxed his physical strength in his attempts to become robust, and tuberculosis fastened on him. As he became weaker he found some consolation in books.

The young prince, heir only to a name and the shadow of greatness, died on July 22, 1832, at 21.

Few who have been born to the purple have served better to point a moral. The Duke of Reichstadt never showed that he would have had any exceptional talent or character if life had gone smoothly with him; but as it is he remains the memory of a piece of political wreckage tossed about on a torrent swift and violent.

He was born to be an heir, for that and nothing else; and an heir he was—heir to the home-coming disasters of his father's monstrous life. Napoleon had sown the seeds of violence through a dozen years of reckless adventure when this child was born, and the harvest of violence had just ripened for the reaping. Instead of being a signal for peace and the upbuilding of a nation, for which Napoleon had almost as great a genius as he had for the science of war, the child's coming marked the outbreak of a still greater ambition, which overwhelmed father and son in an avalanche of ruin.

## Into Oblivion

Into the lurid life of the great adventurer there came for a brief space the softening influence of a little child, and even now the thought of it creates a feeling of pity; but it did not soften Napoleon; it did not modify his ambitions or swerve him from his madness.

Pitiful it is, for in the destinies of our race the follies of men are as straws in the wind, and even Napoleons must perish in oblivion in God's good time, as Hitler will.



Guard that he must leave the empress and his son in their care while he went forth to fight once more.

In January 1814, leaving the empress and his son in Paris, with his brother, Joseph Bonaparte, as adviser and guardian, Napoleon took the field in his last campaign but one against the enemies he had roused by his aggressive ambition and by his obstinate refusal to accept reasonable terms of peace. His Goodbye to his wife and child was final; though they little thought it, they were not to meet again. The defeated emperor lived seven years after that sad farewell, a beaten and broken man; but never again had he a chance of seeing his young wife, who was only 29 when he died, or the son in whom all his hopes had been centred.

The manoeuvres of his troops in meeting armies from all quarters took him away from Paris, and in his absence Paris fell into the hands of the Allies, and Marie Louise and her son were taken in charge by them until the Austrians became their guardians, and the dethroned empress, with her son, went back, not unwilling as it seems, to her childhood's home in Vienna.

Unheeded were the appeals from Napoleon that his wife should join him in Elba, where he was sent into exile after his

forgotten. Though Napoleon remembered him, the world forgot.

Of all the blows that fell at last on this man, who had made his way to the summit of earthly fame by giving blows, the most shattering and desolating of all was his bitter discovery that no one in Europe gave a thought to the boy whose destiny had been his supreme concern. He was proposed by Napoleon as King of France, but nobody responded. He was King of Rome, but at the first opportunity was stripped of the title. As a last indignity he was given the insignificant title of Duke of Reichstadt, a rank subordinate to that of the Austrian archdukes, though Napoleon said he would rather see a son of his strangled than made an archduke of Austria.

Napoleon lived long enough to see all these slights put on the son who had been his pride. He drank the draught of failure to the last drop, and this must have been the bitterest of its dregs.

But worse would have been his grief if Napoleon had lived longer. The boy was seven when he was humiliated by the insignificant title of Duke of Reichstadt. He was ten when his father died. Had the father lived ten years he would have seen his son forgotten and neglected, except when some plotting politician tried for a brief



In this picture the artist has drawn the actions of 12 boys and girls at play. Can you tell what games they are playing? The list will be given next week

JANUARY

THE Romans had the good idea of naming January from Janus, their god of Beginnings and Ends, for he was two-faced and suggested looking back and looking forward. His temple was kept open in time of war, but was closed during peace, and had twelve doors just as the year has twelve months. From Janus pious Romans used to implore assistance when they wanted to begin or end a matter well, so he became the god of the changing years.

Can You Beat It?

AN evacuee from London was listening to a country friend bragging about the enormous vegetables he produced. At last the Cockney spoke. "All very wonderful, no doubt," he said; "but in London I've known as many as twenty policemen stand on one beat."

A Riddle in Rhyme

My first is in mountain but not in hill,  
My second's in river but not in rill,  
My third is in corn but not in rice,  
My fourth is in snow but not in ice,  
My fifth is in rye but not in oat,  
My sixth is in ship but not in boat,  
My seventh's in stone but not in slate,  
My eighth is in soon but not in late,  
My whole, indeed, will plainly show  
A poet great we all do know.

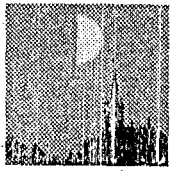
Answer next week

THE OLD FIDDLE

I ONCE knew a man who was musical mad;  
A hundred years old was the fiddle he had.  
I never complained, but whenever he played,  
I wished I had lived when that fiddle was made.

Other Worlds Next Week

In the evening the planets Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus are in the south-east. In the morning Venus and Mars are in the south-east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 7 p.m. on Sunday, January 5.



The Ass and the Moon

It is said that the inhabitants of Arcadia, a province of Ancient Greece, were so ignorant that once, when there was an eclipse of the moon, they slew an ass which they accused of having eaten the moon because its reflection disappeared in the water the ass was drinking when the eclipse took place.

Do You Live at Cheltenham?

THE termination is the Old English word hamm, meaning a pasture enclosed by a ditch, and the front part of the word is the name of the River Chelt; so that Cheltenham really means the enclosed pasture on the River Chelt.

SOMETHING LIKE A CAKE

OPENING a book of travels which describes the years before the last war in Russia, we read of an Easter that was spent by a Scottish lady at Tashkent, where her hostess offered her a slice of a big home-made Easter cake.

The Scotswoman praised its lightness.

"Yes," said madame; "I put eighty-five eggs into it!"

CHANGING THE INITIAL

I AM a wild animal.

Change my initial and I mean to rip;

Change again, and I am the name of a king;

Change again, and I am a fruit;

Again, and I am a period of time;

Again, and I am the back;

Again, and I mean terror;

Again, and I am sweet;

Again, and I am not far.

Answer next week

Jacko Sees Stars



JACKO was trying out his new bed. "Why, it's all springs," he cried, jumping up and down in great glee. "I believe I can touch the ceiling." He could, and he did! Bang! Jacko saw fireworks, and brought down some big lumps of plaster.

Pig Puzzle

A BOY was being shown round a farm by his friend the farmer when they came to a number of pig-sties.

"How many pigs have you?" asked the boy.

"Let me see if you can reckon for yourself," answered the farmer.

"If I had as many more and half as many more, and eight besides, I should have just forty-three."

How many pigs were there in the sties?

Answer next week

A Brilliant Partner

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, the American poet, was an amateur photographer, and when he gave a print to a friend he wrote on the back of it:

Taken by O. W. Holmes & Sun.

Thousands of Farthings

BILLY looked up from his book and said to his sister:

"Joan, do you think you could work out how many farthings there are in £12 12s 8d?"

"Of course I could," replied little Joan scornfully, and for a minute she was busy with a pencil and piece of paper.

"Twelve thousand one hundred and twenty-eight farthings," she announced.

"And do you notice anything curious about that?" asked Billy.

Joan studied her figures for a while, but admitted that she could see nothing extraordinary about them.

"Well," said Billy, "don't you see that there are 12,128 farthings in £12 12s 8d?"

Ici on Parle Français

A Pair of Owls

Here is a boy's observation of some barn owls.

Near our house a couple of owls live. Their feathers are of a brownish hue, speckled with white; but it is not possible to make sure of the colour of their plumage as they do not come out in the daytime and can only be seen in the twilight.

The male very often sits on a dead tree near, and we can see him looking round the garden for his prey. When he sees something which is moving, he silently flies to some other tree that is nearer to it.

His wife sits on the roof of the house, or in the garden, and makes a queer gurgling noise every now and then. The male owl does not hoot very often except when he has found something to eat, which he brings back to his wife.

Un Couple de Hiboux

Voici les observations d'un jeune garçon concernant les hulottes.

Près de chez nous demeure un couple de hiboux. Leurs plumes sont d'une teinte brunâtre, tachetées de blanc; mais il n'est pas possible de s'assurer de leur couleur, car ils ne sortent pas pendant le jour et l'on ne peut les voir qu'au crépuscule.

Le mâle se perche très souvent sur un arbre mort du voisinage, et nous pouvons le voir chercher des yeux sa proie dans le jardin. Quand il voit quelque chose qui remue, il vole silencieusement à un autre arbre plus rapproché.

Sa femme se perche sur le toit de la maison, ou dans le jardin, et pousse de temps en temps un glouglou bizarre. Le mâle ne hulule pas très souvent, sauf quand il a trouvé quelque chose à manger, qu'il rapporte à sa femme.

WHEN A CHILD IS FEVERISH, CROSS, UPSET



Colic, wind, disordered stomach, frequent vomiting, feverishness, in babies and children, generally show food is souring in the little digestive tract.

When these symptoms appear, give Baby a teaspoonful of 'Milk of Magnesia.' Add it to the first bottle of food in the morning. Older children should be given their dose in a little water. This will comfort the child—make his stomach and bowels easy. In five minutes he is comfortable and happy. It will free the bowels of all sour, indigestible food. It opens the bowels in constipation, colds and children's ailments. Children take it readily because it is palatable and pleasant-tasting.

Obtainable everywhere, in two sizes. The large size contains three times the quantity of the small. Be careful to ask for 'Milk of Magnesia,' which is the registered trade-mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia, prescribed and recommended by physicians for correcting excess acids. Now also in tablet form 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' brand TABLETS. Each tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of the liquid preparation.

BARNARDO Helpers' League

Will members of Barnardo Helpers' League who have evacuated or removed to new districts, or who have unopened Collecting Boxes, please inform the Secretary, Stepney Causeway, E.1.

"FOUNTAIN PEN" ACTION

The Gillott Nib with the new "Inkeduct Reservoir" attachment (Pat. No. 477466) gives fountain pen action with advantages of Gillott Stainless Steel Nib. "Inkeduct" opens for easy cleaning. Supplied with four patterns of nib.

THE INKEDUCT HOLDS THE INK.

High-class stationers stock—or particulars can be obtained from Joseph Gillott & Sons, Ltd., on application.



How Wolfe Wrote His Name

THE name of General James Wolfe will live for ever in history for his great work in giving Canada to the British Empire. Born at Westerham in Kent on January 2, 1727, he was only 32 when he captured Quebec and fell in the hour of victory, his chivalrous French rival, the Marquis de Montcalm, falling too. General Wolfe stands out as a fine soldier and a simple and delightful character. This is how he wrote his name:

James Wolfe

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

GRAPE	RN
CLEAR	HIE
HAD	EDICT
AD	ASIDE
RELIEVE	T
T	AMNESTY
TABETS	OR
SWED	DUE
ALL	DOORS

The Two Brothers

24 and 15

What Is It?

The letter x

BEDTIME CORNER

THE LITTLE HELPERS



6. Jimmy makes a scrap-metal dump

I Wonder if God Keeps Awake

GOD has a house three streets away,  
And every Sunday, rain or shine,  
My nurse goes there her prayers to say,  
She's told me of the candles fine  
That burning all night long they keep  
Because God never goes to sleep.  
Then there's a steeple full of bells;

CORNER

All through the dark the time it tells.

I like to hear it in the night  
And think about those candles bright.

I wonder if God stays awake  
For kindness, like the furnace-man

Who comes before it's day,  
To make  
Our house as pleasant as he can.

I like to watch the sky grow blue

And think perhaps the whole world through.

No one's awake but just us three,

God and the furnace-man, and me. Amelia Josephine Burr

Do You Know?

WHO sat on a wall and had a great fall?

Humpty Dumpty

GIVE me patience in these days, O Lord, and make me grateful to all those who fight and work for our country that it may be free. Give it strength that it may conquer the evil forces which would overthrow it, and grant that peace may come again, with happiness for all thy children and comfort for all who mourn. Amen